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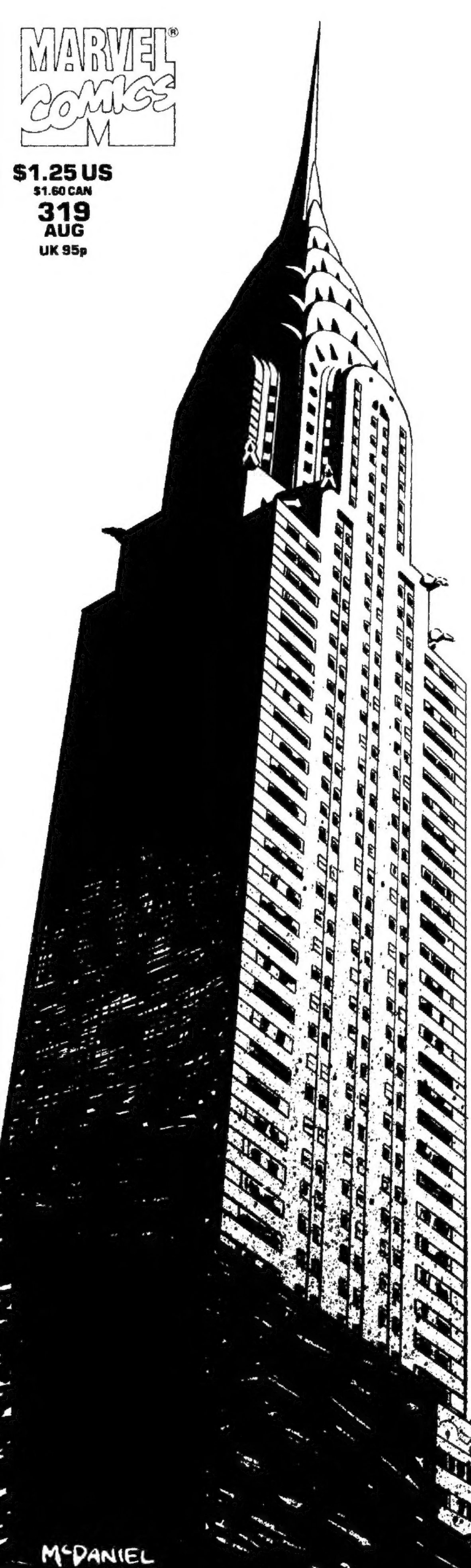

DAREDEVIL®

"Fall from Grace"
prologue

THESE ARE THE FACTS. AND THEY ARE INDISPUTABLE.

IT'S JUNE 13, 1963, AND NEW YORKERS SEARCH DESPERATELY FOR RELIEF FROM THE DAY'S STAGNANT HEAT...

...LEECHING WHAT LITTLE COOL THEY CAN FROM THE SUBWAY'S DANK CONCRETE.

THERE ARE COLDER THINGS IN THE TRANSIT SYSTEM TODAY...

...GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS WITH AN ICY, SOULLESS CALM.

THEY DON'T HAVE PROPER NAMES--

--OR, IF THEY DID, THEY WERE TOLD TO LEAVE THEM BACK HOME IN WASHINGTON.

GRAY MEN AND WOMEN NOW ANSWERING ONLY TO THE TRAIN LINES MARKING THEIR ASSIGNMENTS...

...THE DROPPING OF SPECIAL GLASS CONTAINERS ALONG VARIOUS ROUTES IN THE SUBWAY SYSTEM.

"LEXINGTON AVENUE EXPRESS."

"BROADWAY LOCAL."

"BROOKLYN-QUEENS CROSSTOWN."

AND AGENT **EDDIE PASSIM**, FORCED THROUGH THE TURNSTILES AT GUNPOINT...

...AND BEING A TELEPATH, KNOWS A BULLET WAITS FOR HIM BACK **ABOVE GROUND.**

EDDIE READ THAT FACT OUT OF THE BACK OF THE GENERAL'S ICY, SOULLESS MIND.

IT WASN'T NEAR AS BAD AS **THERESA BELL-WETHER'S** SCREAMS...

...THE SCREAMS EDDIE HEARD IN HIS **HEAD**, EVEN THOUGH THE GENERAL HAD LONG SINCE ORDERED HER **VOCAL CORDS** CUT OUT--

--AND IT'S **THERESA** EDDIE **HEARS** NOW, AS 22 GLOBES **SHATTER** ACROSS THE LABY-RINTHINE TRACKS OF A CITY'S **UNDERGROUND.**

SHKAAATTEER

THE GAS SPREADING THROUGH THE TUNNELS IS ONLY A **SUSPENSION MEDIUM**--

--MEANT TO **CARRY** WHAT WAITS INSIDE THE GLASS EDDIE HOLDS IN TREMBLING HANDS.

IN YEARS TO COME, HE'LL **NEVER BE** CERTAIN IF HE **DE-CIDED** TO DROP THE LAST CONTAINER TOO SOON, OR IF IT **SLIPPED** THROUGH HIS FINGERS--

SHKLOOP

--EVEN A TELEPATH CAN'T **READ** HIS **OWN** MIND.

KNEES RUBBING RAW AGAINST THE ROUGH METAL BETWEEN THE SUBWAY CARS, EDDIE SAYS A PRAYER OF THANKS EITHER WAY.

AND TRIES NOT TO THINK ABOUT THE NATURE OF TRAINS TO RETURN THE WAY THEY CAME.

IF NOT THIS DAY...

...THEN THE NEXT...

NOW. TODAY.

ST. PATRICK'S RISES ONLY A FEW STORIES, BUT ITS SPIRES STAND FOR A FAR HIGHER PARAGON...

...SEEMINGLY BEYOND REACH TO THE MANY FORCED INTO WHATEVER IS NECESSARY JUST TO SURVIVE THE RAW CITY.

AGAINST THAT TIDE OF HOPELESS OFFENSE, THEY LOOK FOR A MORE TANGIBLE REDEMPTION.

AND TO BRING IT DOWN TO THEM, A MAN WITHOUT FEAR OF THE GRIM STREETS BELOW.

Fall from Grace ~prologue~ Temptation

by D.G. CHICHESTER & SCOTT McDANIEL
INKERS · COLLAZO & CANDELARIO
LETTERER · BILL OAKLEY
COLORIST · MAX SCHEELE
ASST. EDITOR · PAT GARRAHY
EDITOR · RALPH MACCHIO
ED. IN CHIEF · TOM DEFALCO

GOD HAS HAD HIS CHANCE WITH US -- NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO GET IT RIGHT!

IT'S A CHURCH, MAN -- WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF DECENCY?

PLEASE, SON, LET'S TRY AND BE CALM ABOUT--

GET YER SORRY BUTT BACK TO THE SHELTER!

I CAN GIVE YOU CALM, FATHER, GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT!

AND THAT'S A POWER COMING UP FROM WITHIN US -- MAN -- NOT DOWN FROM SOMEWHERE ABOVE!

GET WHAT RIGHT? COOKIN' UP GOOD EATS AT THE SOUP KITCHEN?

WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO LOCK AWAY ALL THIS HOMELESS TRASH?

STROBING RADAR AND A SENSORY THERMOGRAPH LEAD THE MAN.

YEARS OF TRAINING AND HARD-WON EXPERIENCE GUIDE THE BILLY CLUB.

YOU'RE CONFUSED, SON, TERRIBLY --

DON'T PREACH AT ME, HOLY MAN! I SEE IT ALL CLEAR NOW, INSIDE MY HEAD!

CARE TO LET THE REST OF US IN FOR A LOOK?

--I NEED IT TO BRING THIS PLACE DOWN IN FLAMES!

BRING IT DOWN, SO'S WHEN PEOPLE WANT TO CHANGE, THEY DON'T GOT NOWHERE BUT THEMSELVES TO LOOK!

I'M SOMETHING OF A SELF-HELP ADVOCATE, MYSELF--

GIVE IT BACK--

--SO HELP YOURSELF, BIG MAN!

YOU WANT IT SO MUCH, COME AND GET IT!

YOU MOCKING ME, MAN?! ME AN' THE MESSAGE?!

YOU CAN'T STOP WHAT'S BEEN STARTED, RED-MAN!

MAYBE NOT--

--BUT I CAN REDIRECT IT!

KRAKK

FWRSSH!

PLEASE, DAREDEVIL-- DON'T HURT HIM!

KEEP YOUR COLLAR ON, FATHER... THAT'S NOT MY STYLE. I WANT TO HELP.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, FRIEND?

WHY SHOULD I BE HONEST-- WITH A MAN IN A MASK?

I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE BECAUSE I TOOK THE TIME TO ASK.

HEH. GOT ME THERE. YEAH, YOU DO.

IT'S JOE... JOE GETTINGS JUNIOR.

I WASN'T LOOKING TO HURT EITHER, Y'KNOW? I JUST HAD TO TELL-- EVERYBODY-- THEY DON'T HAVE TO SETTLE--

--FOR SLEEPING IN GUTTERS AND EATING GARBAGE, WHATEVER--NOT WHEN THEY CAN MAKE THEMSELVES OVER--

--FROM THE INSIDE OUT! JUST LIKE THE PICTURES-- THE PICTURES EDDIE PUT IN MY HEAD--

IT'S THE TWELFTH TIME DAREDEVIL'S HEARD THE NAME, FROM AS MANY TORTURED STREET PEOPLE IN HALF AS MANY DAYS.

AND ALONG WITH A GROWING FURY, COMES THE NEED FOR FORMAL INTRODUCTION. TO EDDIE.

IT'S NOT SOUTHERN COMFORT THAT SENDS FOLKS BACK INTO THE LOUSIANA BAYOU. IT'S SECRETS.

DARK AND WICKED THINGS THEY ARE, AND THEIR DEADLIEST MYSTERY IS NEVER REVEALED UNTIL FAR TOO LATE.

SEE HOW IT IS HERE...

THAT BEING, WHEN YOU TAKE HOLD OF A SECRET, IT ALSO TAKES HOLD OF YOU.

--IN DIS WORLD, DERE'S ME, AN' DEN DERE'S GOD!

OR IN YOUR CASE, HELLSPAWN, DEE DEVIL!

I OWN YOU, BODY AN' SOUL... IF'N YOU HAD ONE, DAT IS!

DIS BOY, HE HAD ONE--ALL FULL WIT' JUICY **PASSION** FOR DEE GIRL'A HIS DREAMS. COME TO ME FOR A POTION'A **LOVE.**

I **GAVE** HIM A **GRAVE** IN DEE SWAMP.

BUT NOT BEFORE TAKIN' MY **DUE.** I LEARNED DEE PRIVILEGED MILITARY **INFORMATION** WORTH A SIGHT MORE'N MONEY.

I'LL **WHISPER** IN YOUR EAR, JUST LIKE SOLDIER-BOY DONE IN MINE... HOW BACK IN '63...

WIT' DAT KINDA **HOODOO,** I'LL BE BIGGER'N OTHER FOLKS' CURSES AN' BREWS--WIT' POWER LIKE DAT, I'M **ANYTHIN' I WANT!**

AN' YOU'LL **TRACK IT** DOWN FOR ME, HELLSPAWN!

YA **SEE** HOW IT IS?

GLTTTCHT

NO, HOGUN... I'M **BLIND** AND I **DON'T SEE!**

BUT I SMELL YOUR FEAR AND I FEEL YOUR BONES CRACK!

I HEAR DEE ECHO OF YOUR SCREAMS AND TASTE YOUR BLOOD ON MY LIPS!

TWRAK

I DIDN'T ASK FOR A LIFE BEING SLAVE TO ANYONE DANCING A VODUN CIRCLE AND CALLING ON BARON SAMEDI!

I DIDN'T ASK FOR LIFE AT ALL!

I WAS CURSED INTO ECHOING ONE WHO WEARS A FALSE RED-SKIN AND HORNS!

YOUR SECRET MAN-MADE HOODOO MEANS ESCAPE FROM DIS OCCULT TRAP!

AND DEE FREEDOM OF DEE PHYSICAL WORLD I DESPERATELY CRAVE...

WORLDWIDE PLAZA. 49TH STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE.

"I DON'T KNOW HOW I'D HAVE BEEN WITHOUT YOU, MR. MURDOCK..."

...JACK'S ALWAYS HAD HIS WAY. HE'D HAVE JUST MOVED ON...

THE LAW SAYS YOUR EX-HUSBAND HAS A RIGHT TO *DIVORCE*, NOT TO DISMISSING FAMILY *RESPONSIBILITIES*, MRS. KERSTIN.

I'M SORRY. MAYBE YOU PREFER MS. VARASDI NOW.

I DO. AGAIN.

THE *ALIMONY* WAS NEVER ABOUT ME.

IT'S THE *KIDS*, THEY'RE GOOD KIDS, AND--

--DID I *SHOW YOU* THEIR--?

OH. I'M *SORRY*.

YOU NEEDN'T BE...

HYPERSENSES KEY INTO THE WARM *RUSH* OF *BLOOD* BEHIND EMBARRASSMENT AND EMOTION...

...A GENTLE VOICE SOOTHING THE ONE AND SUPPORTING THE OTHER.

...I DON'T NEED EYES TO *SEE* HOW *MUCH* THEY *MEAN* TO YOU.

MATT... SPEAK TO YOU FOR A SEC?

SURE THING, FOGGY. EXCUSE ME...

MRS. KERSTIN THERE...

MS. VARASDI.

WHATEVER. HER LAST *CHECK* JUST OPENED THE *TRAMPOLINE ACT* AT WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK.

WE KNEW SHE WAS IN *TOUGH TIMES* WHEN WE TOOK HER ON, BUT NELSON & MURDOCK HAVE GOT *BILLS* TOO, PARTNER.

I KNOW, BUDDY...

...I'LL *TAKE CARE* OF IT.

IS THERE A PROBLEM?

NO...

...NO PROBLEM.

M. Murdock

to the order of Nelson &

MEMO

THANK YOU AGAIN, MR. MURDOCK!

YO, *BUILDIN' SERVICES*, HOW YA DOIN'? HERE TO *REPLACE* THE *BLINDS*.

KEPT GETTIN' YER WORK ORDERS, PALLY, AND IF YA DON'T MIND ME SAYIN', WHAT'S THE *RUSH?*

CAN'T BE YA *DON'T LIKE* THE WAY THEY *LOOK*... NO OFFENSE!

NONE TAKEN, SIR SOUL-OF-TACT.

I DON'T... I *DON'T LIKE* THE WAY THEY *FEEL* ON MY FACE. THE *LIGHT.*

"TOO MANY *BAD* MEMORIES...

"...FROM A TOO-LONG WAR WITH A SELF-STYLED KINGPIN OF CRIME NAMED WILSON FISK."

FINALLY GOT YOUR DRAPES, HUH?

IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN, FOGGY. BLINDS... TO ME, THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN THESE *SECRETIVE* THINGS.

I'VE *KNOWN* MEN WHO'VE USED THEM THAT WAY, TO *SEE OUT* WITH *NO* ONE SEEING *IN.*

HERE, IT'S EITHER OPEN OR CLOSED, *NO SECRETS.* TOO MANY OF THOSE CAN *OVERWHELM* ...YOU *LOSE* YOUR *PERSPECTIVE.*

I *DON'T WANT* THAT, FOGGY. I DON'T WANT TO *LOSE* TOUCH...

I'M THE PRESIDENT--

WIND OR DIE

YAH

WIND HE'S GOT GUTS AND THE BUTTON!

we ♥ wind

--AND I'VE GOT THE BUTTON.

LIFE'S PRETTY EXCELLENT, NOW.

TIME WAS, THOUGH, I WAS A S.H.I.E.L.D. CYBORG NAME OF JOHN GARRETT, AND LIFE WAS PRETTY MUCH EXCREMENT.

I'D USE FOUR-LETTER LANGUAGE, BUT THERE'S A LADY PRESENT.

JUST AS HOT AS THE DEVIL EVER MADE, BY THE NAME OF ELEKTRA.

THE HAND WERE CHOP SUEY NINJAS KOWTOWING TO SOME "BEAST," CASTING VOTES FOR THEIR MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.

LIKE KEN WIND BEING DEMOCRAT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH.

ONCE IN OFFICE, HE'D DO THE HAND'S EVIL BIDDING.

ME AND THE SWEET THING HAD OTHER IDEAS THAN A DEMON POSSESSED LIBERAL IN THE WHITE HOUSE--

--AND A BODY COUNT TO BACK UP OUR CONVICTIONS.

I WATCHED OUT FOR HER BACK... AND EVERY OTHER LUSCIOUS CURVE.

SHE WATCHED MINE, TOO.

I'M SURE SHE MEANT TO, ANYWAY.

THE *CHEESECAKE* KNEW HOW TO DO MORE THAN STOP HEARTBEATS AND START GUYS CHECKING INTO MOTELS WITH HOURLY RATES--

--THERE WAS *NINJA HOCUS-POCUS* MIXED IN WITH ALL THAT SIN AND SEXINESS, TOO.

SOUNDS LIKE BALONEY, TELL ME ABOUT IT. BUT FOR A LONG SECOND THERE--

--ME IN HER *HEAD*, *ELEKTRA* IN *MINE*--

--NOT THE ONLY PLACE I WANTED INTO WITH THAT BABE, BUT YOU GOTTA START SOMEWHERE.

ANYWAY, NOW I'M THE *PRESIDENT*--

S.H.I.E.L.D. SUBSTATION 14 STORAGE-- AUTO-MAINTENANCE ROUTINE IN PROGRESS--

GARRETT

--AND I'VE *GOT* THE *BUTTON*.

THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY BUGLE. A GREAT METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER.

FINAL DAILY BUGLE 30¢ THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER

INVESTIGATIVE SERIES, '75, FORCED THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT TO COME CLEAN. WHILE EVERYONE ELSE WAS AT WOODSTOCK--

--THEY WERE GASSING THE SUBWAY. SOME DOUBLESPEAK ABOUT TESTING "VULNERABILITY TO NERVE GAS"--

--LIKE ANYONE WHO'S EVER BREATHED WHAT PASSES FOR AIR DOWN THERE WOULD WORRY ABOUT NERVE GAS!

THE LEATHERNECK AT THE TOP, KENKOY, HAD LOTS OF MEDALS AND ASSURANCES IT WAS ALL VERY HARMLESS.

YOU KINDA SEE THE MEDALS IN THE PICTURE... GENERAL KENKOY NEVER DID I.D. EXACTLY WHAT WAS SO HARMLESS, THOUGH.

IT'S STILL A GREAT PIECE OF REPORTING, MR. URICH! IT'S WHAT BEING A JOURNALIST IS ALL ABOUT--

--BREAKING THE BIG STORY!

IF YOU THINK THAT'S IT, SARA, COME UP WITH SOME "ELVIS MATES YETI" HEADLINES FOR THE WEEKLY WORLD NEWS!

THE WAY IT WORKS AT A REAL PAPER IS HOURS--YEARS, MAYBE--OF PUTTING TOGETHER FACTS! THAT'S THE "BIG STORY"!

YOU KNOW TOMORROW'S HEADLINE, STRANG? "MURDER!" MAYBE IT'S YOUR CORPSE--

--BUT MORE LIKELY IT'S MINE, FROM THE CORONARY YOU'RE GIVING ME!

YOU'RE NOT REACTIN' WELL, MR. JAMESON--I SAY, YOU'RE NOT REACTIN' WELL AT ALL!

MAY I CALL YAH JONAH?

I'M NOT AGAINST PUTTING IN THE TIME, I JUST WANT THE *PAYOFF*--

DON'T LOOK FOR IT TODAY, HARRINGTON. THE *PRESS* IS ABOUT TO GET BOGGED DOWN IN *POLITICS*...

YOU CAN CALL MY LAWYER, "COLONEL!" PICKING UP *PIECES* OF FAT MAN *FISK'S* LEGIT *BUSINESSES* IS ONE THING--

--GETTING YOUR GOOD 'OL BOY CLAWS INTO THE *BUGLE* IS ANOTHER! THERE ARE NO *STOCK GAMES* TO PLAY HERE--I *OWN* THIS *PAPER!*

THAT'S TRUE, JONAH, M'BOY, TRUE! BUT YAH *DON'T OWN* THE PRESS-MAN'S *UNION*, YAH DON'T GET ON WITH THE DRIVERS--

--AN' WITHOUT EITHER ON YOUR *SIDE*, WHAT YA'LL "OWN" IS ONLY GOOD FOR LININ' THE *CAT BOX!*

I SAY, THE *UNIONS* APPRECIATE THE *DOLLAR VALUE* I CARRY IN MY "GOOD OL' BOY CLAWS..."

WHAT IS THIS, JONAH?

SHUT DOWN?! I'VE GOT *STORIES* ON THIS *SYSTEM*, JONAH, *NEWS* THAT'S NOT GOING TO WAIT WHILE--

A TEXAS-SIZED *ULCER*, BEN... I MAKE *CONCESSIONS* TO STRANG'S *POWER PLAY*, OR HE CAUSES MORE *GRIEF!*

A TEMPORARY SHUTDOWN WILL MAKE HIM THINK HE'S WON AND GIVE ME TIME FOR MY OWN END RUN!

KLIK

A FEW HOURS, BEN, A DAY AT MOST... TRY AND *UNDERSTAND*...

OH, I UNDERSTAND FINE, JONAH... GIVE ME A CALL WHEN THE *FIRST AMENDMENT'S* BACK IN STYLE!

MR. URICH... ABOUT YOUR STORIES...

NOW YOU'RE MAKIN' *SENSE*, BOY!

SHOULDN'T YOU BE PLAYING A *BANJO* SOMEWHERE?

KLKRAAAASH

BEHIND ITS WAR MACHINE REP, THE REALITY OF THE PENTAGON IS AN OFFICE BUILDING WHERE MILE-LONG CORRIDORS STRETCH WIDE AS AN INTERSTATE.

THIS, THEN, WOULD BE THE BUREAUCRATIC EQUIVALENT OF ROADKILL.

--INTRUDERS IN SECTOR 18! SECURITY NEEDS BACKUP NOW!

BRAKA-BRAKA!

BULLET-TORN NINJA OF THE ASSASSIN CULT KNOWN AS THE HAND DISSOLVE INTO MIST--

--EMPTY COSTUMES FLUTTERING DOWN TO BECOME BURIAL SHROUDS FOR EVISCERATED MPs.

GOVERNMENT INVESTIGATORS WILL ASK QUESTIONS FOR MONTHS, NEVER THINKING TO LOOK BEYOND THE DISTRACTION--

--WHERE THE ANSWER LIES IN A DUSTY FILE ROOM.

TRACE BACK ALONG THE HAND'S LETHAL FINGERS, AND THERE LURK THE DARKEST MASTERS OF THE NINJUTSU--

--THE SNAKEROOT.

NO PLACE IS SAFE FROM THEIR INFLUENCE, NOT WITH OSAKU'S SKILL FOR OPENING DOORS.

HE'S BREATHED SHADOWS BENEATH A PRESIDENT'S BED, RECORDING BLACKMAIL OF A RENDEZVOUS WITH A STARLET.

HE'S LED A DICTATOR TO SAFETY, DIGGING OUT FROM UNDER AN INESCAPABLE FIRESTORM IN THE DESERT.

ABOUT FACE

AND WITH OSAKU'S NEWEST KEY, THE SNAKEROOT THREATENS TO UNLOCK SECRETS BETTER LEFT DEEP IN A SUBWAY TUNNEL TWENTY YEARS PAST...

"TNT" KENKOY"--THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED ME. BECAUSE I'D BLOW THROUGH ANYTHING BETWEEN ME AND WHAT I WANTED.

IT DIDN'T MAKE FOR LASTING FRIENDSHIPS, BUT IT GOT RESULTS. AND THAT'S WHAT MATTERED IN THE MILITARY.

NOW I TRY FOR BOTH! I'M "HARRY-SAN" TO MY FRIENDS AND BUSINESS ASSOCIATES IN THE FAR EAST--

--AND I REACH MY GOALS THROUGH LESS EXPLOSIVE, MORE AGREEABLE METHODS!

EDDIE'S BEEN LOST TO THE FAMILY FOR YEARS... HE WAS ALWAYS VERY IMPORTANT TO ME.

ALL I HAVE ARE STORIES--DESTITUTION, LOST AMONG THE HOMELESS-- AND WHAT I NEED IS TO HAVE OUR EDDIE BACK.

WE'LL BRING HIM IN FOR YOU, GENERAL KENKOY.

SILVER SABLE INTERNATIONAL ALWAYS GETS THEIR MAN...

EDDIE'S NOT SO BAD... BUT HE'S HAD SOME BAD TIMES.

THE SOUP REALLY DOES THE TRICK... THANKS.

LEAST I COULD DO, PHIL.

MORE'N MOST, DAREDEVIL.

AIN'T NO ONE ON THE STREET WITHOUT A HARD-LUCK STORY... EDDIE JUST DRESSED HIS UP TO BE HARDER THAN A LOT OF OTHERS.

AT FIRST, IT SOUNDS CRAZY, Y'KNOW? HE TALKS ABOUT SECRET AGENT KILLERS AN' ALL SORTSA JAMES BOND NONSENSE...

...BUT LISTEN LONG ENOUGH, AN' IT--I DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN--IT'S LIKE WHAT HE'S SAYIN' GETS INSIDE YOUR HEAD.

YOU STOP HEARIN' HIS PROBLEMS AN' START PICKIN' UP ON SOLUTIONS. A WAY TO CHANGE--

--I'M NOT TALKIN' 12-STEP SELF-HELP PROGRAMS--I MEAN CHANGE PHYSICALLY, THE FLESH AN' BLOOD OF WHO AN' WHAT YOU ARE!

I ♥ NY

"THE PICTURES EDDIE PUT IN"--THE HOMELESS MAN'S WORDS AT ST. PATRICK'S...

IT'S INSPIRED A LOT OF US--INSPIRED ME!--I'LL SHOW YOU!

IT TAKES A SICKENING MOMENT FOR THE MIND TO FILL IN THE BLANKS ON THE FORM RADAR ECHOES BACK...

...ENHANCED SENSES REELING AT THE STINK OF FESTERING WOUNDS.

AND THE STENCH OF MADNESS DRIVING A MAN TO SELF-MUTILATION.

I DID IT ALL BY MYSELF...

YOU'RE NOT ON YOUR OWN, PHIL, NOT ANYMORE.

AND EDDIE EITHER COMES IN FROM THE COLD TO START ANSWERING QUESTIONS...

...OR HE STARTS ANSWERING TO ME...

THERE'S A TEMPTATION TOWARD SAYING, "MATTHEW MICHAEL MURDOCK'S LIFE WILL SOON NEVER BE THE SAME."

BUT THAT WOULD NOT BE ENTIRELY TRUTHFUL.

BIG 10-4 THERE, GOOD BUDDY, HAULIN' AUTOS TO THE BIG APPLE-- AN' THE WAY NEW YORKERS DRIVE, YOU KNOW THERE'S MAKINGS OF A WRECK ON THE HIGHWAY BACK THERE!

SKREET

HACK ME MY STORIES OUT OF THE BUGLE'S COMPUTERS AND YOU SCORE BIG POINTS FOR YOURSELF, HARRINGTON!

I AIM TO PLEASE, MR. URICH...

I'M THE PRESIDENT, AND I'VE GOT THE--

I WANT A FULL SWEEP-- SHELTERS, HALFWAY HOUSES, VAGRANT HOTELS --YOU CAN HANDLE THIS, CAN'T YOU, CRIPPLER?

THAT'S "MOTH TO FLAME."

DON'T WORRY YOURSELF, SABLE! I'LL DRAW EDDIE-BOY OUT LIKE A MOTH INTO A FLAMETHROWER!

WHATEVER.

THE SNAKEROOT IS IN YOUR DEBT, SLY OSAKU.

COMMAND HOW ELSE I MAY SERVE, LORD DAITO!

ABOUT FACE

TOP SECRET

GO WITH TEKAGI. BRING US THE UGLY MAN OF METAL AND FLESH, THE ONE NAMED GARRETT...

MORE ACCURATE TO SAY THAT WHEN WHAT HAS BEEN SET IN MOTION IS ENDED, MATT MURDOCK WILL NO LONGER HAVE A LIFE.

EPILOGUE

THE HAND-- WILL NOT BE STOPPED--

--BY WALLS OF ICE!

FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE--

--HER TALENT FOR DEATH--

--WILL ONCE MORE SERVE THE BEAST--

THWOOK

SPLOOFFK

THESE ARE THE FACTS.

AND THEY ARE INDISPUTABLE.

NEXT: SILVER SABLE AND "DESIRE"!

THE UTAH DESERT.

TWO KLICKS ABOVE SUBSTATION 14.

THE LOCAL OFFICE OF THE SUPER-SPY OUTFIT KNOWN AS S.H.I.E.L.D.

EVER HEAR THE WORD ON THIS GARRETT GUY, FRANK?

YOU MEAN, LIKE, WHY HE'S DOING THE WALT DISNEY CRYOGENIC-POPSICLE SIESTA?

UH-HUH.

AND WHY HE LOOKS LIKE HIS LAST HOT DATE WAS WITH THE POWER TOOL DEPARTMENT AT SEARS!

I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY I KNOW, BILL...

"...JOHN-BOY GARRETT'S LAST OFFICIAL OP WAS A SOUTH-OF-THE-BORDER FACT-FINDING MISSION.

"FINDING WHAT *FACTS* THERE WERE IN THE MAKE-BELIEVE MAKING THE ROUNDS ABOUT A NINJA ASSASSIN NAMED *ELEKTRA*.

"ELEKTRA *HAD IT IN FOR KEN WIND*--REMEMBER HIM? DARK HORSE *CANDIDATE*...

KEN WIND

"...RUNNING FOR THE *WHITE HOUSE* ON THE 'BLEEDING HEART LIBERAL SUCK-UP' TICKET!

"EVEN *WORSE* THAN BEING *LEFT WING*--

"--IF YOU COULD IMAGINE--

"--WIND WAS *CLOSE DANCING* WITH *THE HAND*, MARTIAL ARTS *TERRORISTS* BOWING DOWN FOR THEIR LORD ALMIGHTY '*BEAST*'!

"MEANTIME, *GARRETT* CAUGHT UP WITH *ELEKTRA*...

"...ALONG WITH THE *DETONATOR* SHE'D GIFT-WRAPPED FOR HIM!

"JOHNNY *WASN'T* EXACTLY *VALEDICTORIAN* OF HIS GRADUATING CLASS.

"SO SHIELD EXTECHOP'S GOT HIM ON THE TABLE, A '*VOLUNTEER*' IN THEIR *CYBORG* PROGRAM.

"BUT BEFORE THEY START WIRING HIM UP, *ELEKTRA* GETS *INSIDE* HIS *HEAD*-- *MENTAL* NINJA WITCH HOCUS POCUS!

WIN WITH WIND

"NOW THEY'RE AN *ITEM*-- SAI-SWINGING *DOMINATRIX* AND HER STEEL-FRAMED *BOY-TOY.*

"THEY *TAKE ON* THE *HAND*, THEY *TAKE DOWN WIND*-- THE WAY SOME TELL IT, THE TWO'A THEM *SAVED* THE *DEMOCRATIC* PROCESS!

"OR MAYBE *NOT*, YOU *LOOK* AT WHO'S RUNNING THE *SHOW* THESE DAYS ON *PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.*"

ORDERS, COLONEL FURY?

GET THIS *MESS* OUTTA MY *SIGHT!*

"BUT WHEN THE *SMOKE CLEARS*, THE *ROMANCE* IS *OVER.*

"ELEKTRA'S LEFT *GARRETT* TO TWIST IN THE *WIND!*"

AIN'T THAT *JUST LIKE A DAME*, BILL?

JUST *LIKE A DAME*...

SOME STORY, FRANK.

...AND NOW *GARRETT'S* DOING THE *STASIS-TUBE SHUFFLE!*

hrrmff.

ALL *I'D HEARD* WAS GARRETT TOLD *FURY* TO *PUT OUT* HIS CIGAR. COLONEL WENT *BALLISTIC*...

I'LL *BUY* THAT ONE, TOO...

IT WILL TAKE A *MOMENT* TO *BYPASS* THE *SECURITY* DEVICES, *TEKAGI*...

NO HURRY, *OSAKU*. THE *TIME* IS WELL *SPENT* LEARNING NEW *SECRETS* FROM THE LITTLE *MASTER* OF *DEATH* HERE.

THEY'LL NO DOUBT PROVE *USEFUL* DOWN *BELOW*...

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McDANIEL